



"THEY SAY."

They say—ah! well, suppose they do,
But can they prove the story true?
Suspensions may arise from nought;
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "they"?
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell a tale of woe?
Will it the better work redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring restore
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—Oh! pause and look within;
See how thy heart inclines to sin;
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour,
Thou, too, should sink beneath its power.
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all.

A YOUTHFUL GENIUS.

ONE morning, more than one hundred years ago, there was a man in the little town of Passagno, in the ancient Venetian States, who was in as great perplexity as ever man could be. He was head cook in the household of one John Falieri, a mighty Senator of Venice. His master was to give a grand dinner that evening to a number of beautiful ladies and gallant gentlemen whom he had invited to his country seat, to pass the soothing season with him. He had charged upon his cook to do his very best and show himself a credit to his country.

The poor cook had tried hard because he was a faithful and conscientious servitor. But at last his invention had failed him. The table would not be complete without an ornamental centre-piece—patriotic and allegoric—and the cook, not being a man of much imagination, was sunk in the blackest kind of despair. He really did not know what he should do. So he sat down and began to cry, as Italians often do when they are in trouble.

Just then a very small boy slipped into the kitchen. He saw the cook in tears, and stole quietly up to him to find out what the matter was. He was on very good terms with the lord of the kitchen, and many a nice bit of pastry had found its way between his two rows of shining white teeth through the kindness of the cook. In fact, he and his parents subsisted to a certain extent upon the crumbs that fell from John Falieri's table, for they were very poor. Antonio's clothes were old and torn, but he did not mind that, because he was only ten years old, and had not yet reached the age of frivolity. Besides, he had his talent to comfort him, so that on the whole he was rather happy than otherwise.

"Oh, my dear Antonio," cried the cook, wiping his eyes with his sleeve, "I am in such trouble. If you would only help me now! I must have a grand ornamental centre-piece for the dinner table to-night and I don't know what to do about it. Just help me, like a good boy, and to-morrow morning I'll give you the nicest piece of frosted cake you ever saw—raspberry jam between the layers, too."

Antonio thought a moment in silence. "I ought to be able to help him," he said to himself. "If I could only turn my modeling and wood carving to some account now! What's the use of knowing how to do things if you can't help other people with them? I have it! Hurrah!"

Antonio was decidedly inspired. He rushed through the door like a mad boy, crying only to the astonished cook, "Keep up your courage! I'll be back in an hour!"

And all the cook did was to roll his eyes and clasp his hands and say, "Mercy on us! That boy will be somebody yet!"

True to his word, Antonio came back in an hour, with a large lion carved in wood under his arm. The noble beast was reclining with his tail curled round and the tablets of the Venetian law or the writings of St. Mark, whichever you choose to take them for, under his right paw. Of course you know that this was the emblem of the Republic of Venice, and therefore the most appropriate centre-piece imaginable for the table of a Venetian Senator. The cook was delighted with the model, and gave Antonio a red apple on the spot.

"Only, of course, you don't mean me to send up this wooden thing to the table? You must mould it in something eatable."

"Of course, stupid!" rejoined Antonio sharply. "Butter is the thing I want. Give me all the butter in the house. Before night you'll have as pretty a lion as any in Venice."

At dinner that night all the guests remarked the cleverly-carved centre-piece. They found it an excellent subject to fall back on when conversation lagged, and at last the rumor of the admiration it excited reached the ears of the master of the house.

"Why, it is a fine beast," said he, noticing it for the first time. "Who can have done it? Can it be that my cook has developed a talent for sculpture? I must call him up and compliment him on it."

The cook was sent for and came. The Senator began to praise his work, inquiring if it had cost him much time and trouble, and assured him of the satisfaction it had given him—John Falieri—in common with all his guests. The cook was overcome and began to cry. His nerves had been heavily strained by the excitement of preparing the banquet.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked the Senator. "Are you crying for joy?"

"No, my lord, but for grief to think that I do not deserve the praise you bestow upon me."

"What! You did not carve the lion?"

"No, my lord."

"Who did, then?"

"A little peasant boy, my lord—one of your lordship's subjects, called Antonio. Everybody about the place knows him."

"Send for him, then. My lords and ladies, would it not please you to see the little prodigy?"

Antonio was called up from the kitchen, where he was regaling himself with cold fowl with a pleasing consciousness of having earned his supper. He was not at all frightened when he heard that he was to appear before the mighty John Falieri. Your true genius never doubts himself. He only took the time to wash his face and hands upon the motherly suggestion of one of the women-servants. Then he went upstairs into the room full of glittering lights and jewels and fine clothes with as proud a step as though he had been a king. So in truth he was—king of the realm of genius.

"Are you the person who carved this lion?" cried the Senator, much amazed at the sight of such a small boy.

"Yes, my lord."

"And how old are you, pray."

"Ten years."

"My lords and ladies," cried the Senator, rising and filling his glass, "we pray you, bear witness that we take this youthful genius under our protection henceforth. Let us drink to the health of him who, twenty years from now, will be the first sculptor of the age."

Antonio was not abashed—he was only overjoyed: and as soon as possible he ran home to tell his parents of the good fortune that had befallen him. His patron procured admittance for him into the studio of the first sculptor of the time, where he made rapid progress. Two years after, he carved two baskets of fruit, in marble, for his kind friend, which still adorn the vestibule of the Falieri Palace in Venice.

As he grew up, he received orders for statues from the rich and distinguished of his own country and of others. Every gallery sought to possess a specimen of his handy work; every academy was proud and happy to offer him a membership. It is said of him that he received more honors than any other sculptor or painter since the time of Raphael.

Opposite the window at which I am writing at this moment there stands a house which bears the following inscription:—"Antonio Canova, the prince of sculptors, breathed his last within these walls, and consecrated them to immortality, A. D. 1832."—*The Working Church.*

VISIBLE SPEECH.

PROF. A. GRAHAM BELL delivered a lecture in Boston on Monday afternoon, upon the new system of "Visible Speech," illustrating his subject by a series of charts which were printed at the Salem Observer office by James P. Burbank. This system was invented by Prof. A. Melville Bell, the father of the lecturer, and the son had the type prepared for printing, young Burbank performing the charts. It is in contemplation to print a set of elementary charts, cards, and books for use in schools. Burbank has received a course of instruction at the Clarke Institution for Deaf-mutes at Northampton, and having been by sickness somewhat interrupted in pursuit of an education, has returned to Northampton to perfect himself for the special work of disseminating "visible speech." He is the son of Mr. Thomas F. Burbank of Salem, and although under sixteen years of age, has manifested an intelligent interest in the system which gives great promise of efficiency in aiding the enterprise.

When we remember that there are 20,000 deaf-mutes in the United States, we see that competent teachers are needed to undertake the work of teaching the dumb to speak. But Prof. Bell's system is of vastly greater value, and is capable of much wider application. The learning of a foreign tongue, which is almost impossible to an adult under present systems of teaching, becomes possible. This alphabet, founded on actual physiological expressions, like the system of chemical symbols, is infinite in its application. It may, indeed, be called a universal language, since there is no sound which may not be expressed by it. In China several pupils of the "Bell System," as pursued in Scotland, have succeeded in changing the Chinese spoken language into written language, and already a great reform has begun.

We are glad to notice that this subject is attracting attention. Prof. Bell and his father have given it a thorough study, and already the system has attested its practical utility. The subject of general education is one of the most important interests, and whatever aid can be brought into requisition is an element of progress in civilization and refinement. Prof. Bell does not claim perfection for the system; it is yet in its infancy; but he is taking a great stride towards a universal language which may one day be generally adopted throughout the habitable globe.—*Salem Mass. Register.*

[From The Kentucky Deaf-Mute.]

PROF. A. GRAHAM BELL has established a normal class of learners in "Visible Speech" in Boston. He gave an exhibition and made an address to his class and the public, the report of which must be rather unsatisfactory to those engaged in teaching deaf-mutes by signs. According to the report, he claims that every deaf-mute can learn to speak and articulate words, and he "feels confident that all may be taught to speak intelligently, so that in the future when one sees a deaf-mute unable to use articulate language we may feel sure that education has been neglected while he had this hope." The report of this exhibition and address will go over the country and many, reading such matter for the first time, will wonder if those in charge of institutions for the deaf and dumb are aware of the possibility of teaching them to speak and, as it were, to hear. Such reports are the dread of those who have answered the questions and arguments they raise a hundred times already. And what is the use? Mr. Bell's system, as he confesses it, is new. No class has as yet gone through its course on his system; yet he appears to be claiming for it all that could be claimed of a thoroughly tried and tested thing,—offers it as a test of education. We do not deny the merits of his system. It is the best system for teaching articulation that we know of, but that is all. We are not amongst the number of those who are against a new invention just because it is new, and who, in old-fogyism, oppose all progress and improvements; but we have learned that it is easy to talk and claim, but not always so easy to prove. We have learned that many things from which great results were promised have given no results at all, or very small ones. Then, further, we happen to be pretty well acquainted with deaf-mutes; and we find them, as others, having their specialities; some having a talent in this direction, and some in that. We have seen some congenital deaf-mutes who could learn speech, apparently, and lip-reading more easily than semi-mutes; and we have seen those to whom the acquisition of either, we believe, was impossible, while they did not lack in mental furniture or capacity.

Prof. Bell's method is, no doubt, the best for teaching articulation; but when he says that every deaf-mute can learn to talk, whether

by his system or any other, he says too much, and very few of those who have been with deaf-mutes for years as teachers, and are acquainted with them as a class, will agree with him. His statements are so strong that many of those reading them think that the sign-language should be discarded at once in all institutions, and, in charity, attribute ignorance of the matter to institution authorities, and for the ninety-ninth time the matter must be explained, and they told that such statements and claims are as old as the education of deaf-mutes; that they have been investigated, and have been allowed fair trial, but that while the country now abounds with mutes educated by signs, we know of none educated in any other way. Of semi-mutes there are probably some, and of these and others who may have a genius for speech without hearing, we hope there will be more and more, but what we now wish is that result be shown rather than claims be made of the same nature as those we have so long attended to.

Some pupils from the Boston school were exhibited, and from the report one would receive the impression that by Prof. Bell's charts, symbols, and alphabets, deaf-mutes can learn readily and easily; but we do not see anything about the length of time necessary to instruct a pupil, of the difficulty of his knowing when his vocal organs are in the position indicated on the chart, or of the ivory spatula used to force the tongue into the right position. Perhaps the acquisition of speech is not quite so easy for a deaf-mute as it appeared at that exhibition.

Let credit be given where it is due. Those now engaged in teaching by signs will yield the ground for that which is better, when it makes itself felt to be better. Railroads superseded stage-coaches naturally, and no one had to be persuaded that they were the better. The proprietors of the stage lines yielded their ground the moment the cars were ready. Let Prof. Bell educate all the deaf-mutes who may come to him, congenital as well as others, dull as well as bright, and he will then have shown his system equal to the old. Then let him, by the power of speech and lip-reading, place his graduate above the sign-language graduate in respect to the use of language, the power of communicating with others, and the amount of knowledge obtained, and he will have shown his system to be preferable. Let this be done more surely, perfectly, and rapidly than by signs, and his system will obtain without the need of arguments, and in spite of opposition. *x.*

COBWEBS.

Cobwebs have been applied to various uses. The delicate cross-hairs in the telescopes of surveying instruments are fine webs taken from spiders of species that are specially selected for their production of an excellent quality of this material. The spider when caught, is made to spin his thread by tossing him from hand to hand, in case he is indisposed to furnish the article. The end is attached to a piece of wire, which is doubled into two parallel lengths, the distance apart exceeding a little the diameter of the instrument. As the spider hangs and descends from this, the web is wound upon it by turning the wire around. The coils are then gummed to the wire and kept for use as required. About a century ago, Boa of Languedoc, succeeded in making a pair of gloves and a pair of stockings from the thread of the spider. They were very strong, and of a beautiful grey color. Other attempts of the same kind have been made: but Reaumur, who was appointed by the Royal Academy to report on the subject, stated that the web of the spider was not equal to that of the silkworm, either in luster or quality. The cocoons of the latter weigh from three to four grains, so that two thousand three hundred and four worms produce a pound of silk; but the bags of the spider, when cleaned, do not weigh above the third part of a grain, so that a single silkworm can accomplish the work of twelve spiders.

MEDDLING with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a certain church made "bad worse." A young fellow entered the church and took his seat, keeping his hat on. The elder, noticing it, requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he spoke to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted the hat off, when to his chagrin, out rolled a quart of hickory nuts, making more noise than was consistent with decorum. "Man," quietly said the youth, "see what you have done."

AN ASIATIC GUEST.—A baby rhinoceros has just arrived at New York in the steamer *Oxfordshire*, from Japan, via Suez and Gibraltar. It was caught about six months ago in Malacca, and was put on board the steamer at Singapore. It is said to be of a very rare kind, as it has double horns and is covered with long black hair. Only one of these animals has been brought to England alive, and there is not one on the Continent of Europe. The rhinoceros that has arrived here seems to be very dainty in taste, eating nothing but sweet potatoes and the very best of dried hay during the voyage, which lasted about two months.

OF COURSE. "This is the deaf man eh?" inquired the court, as the last prisoner came out. Then raising his voice, he asked:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

The man held his hand up to his ear and replied:

"You'll have to talk up loud."

"Guilty or not?" yelled the court.

"You'll have to speak up!" replied the man.

"Come here," called out the court, crooking his finger.

Getting the prisoner where he could yell in his ear, he continued: "I can't fool around and burst a blood-vessel by straining my voice! Get out o' here!"

"Of course—of course" replied the man and he got.

MEN WHO LIVED WITHOUT SPEAKING.

AWAY upon the hill that overlooks Naples stands the Carthusian monastery of San Martino. The monks who once inhabited the glorious palace—for it is nothing less—were men of noble birth and vast fortune. The church is now one of the most magnificent in Italy. Agate, jaspers, lapis-lazuli, amethyst, Egyptian granite and fossil wood, together with marbles of every tint, are so blended in mosaics that line the whole edifice, and the carvings are so rich and graceful that the interiors of some of the chapels seem like Eden bowers transfigured by a miracle and frozen into stone. And in this spot lived a brotherhood who came from the first circles of society and buried themselves in this gorgeous tomb, for it was little else. The monks took a vow of perpetual silence, lived apart, ate apart, and met only for the unsocial hour of prayer, when each was wrapped in his own meditation, and no one uttered a syllable. Each of the little cells where they slept had a small window or closet communicating with one of the corridors, and in this closet was placed the frugal meal which was then taken into the cell and eaten in solitude. Every quarter of an hour a bell struck to remind the listeners that they were so much nearer their death. In the garden the railings are ornamented with marble skulls, and the only sounds that used to disturb this splendid solitude were the tread of sandalled feet, the rustle of long white robes, or the clang of the bell that told of their solemn lives in brief moment, that yet might have seemed long to them. These monks, like most others in Italy, have been driven from their retreat and all their treasures confiscated by Victor Emmanuel.

THE SILENT WORLD

Published Semi-Monthly at 711 G Street, N. W.

JOHN E. ELLEGOOD.....Publisher.

TERMS: Single subscription \$1.10 per year, in advance; six months 60 cents; three months 30 cents; single copies 8 cents. All postage will be prepaid by the publisher.

When subscriptions are not paid in advance, subscribers will be charged at the rate of \$1.50 per year. The paper will be sent until an explicit order for its discontinuance is received, and all arrearages paid.

All money should be sent by P. O. money-order, draft, or registered letter. If it is forwarded otherwise, it will be at the risk of the sender.

Address all letters to THE SILENT WORLD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 15, 1875.

Here another number of THE SILENT WORLD reaches its readers. Christmas will have come and gone. May it be a happy and a merry one; The times are hard; not a few are out of work and out of money. We cannot all give gifts even of the most humble kind. But it is possible to have a "merry, merry Christmas" without gifts. The desire to make others glad and happy leads us to give Christmas presents; if we have this desire, yet lack the means to give the presents, surely we can find a way to add to the gladness and happiness of others. If we can give presents, let us be glad; if we cannot, let us be glad still, and try harder to make others glad. The poorest can give kind words, good wishes, and pleasant looks, and of how great value these are, those only can tell who have experienced the pleasure and comfort that they often cause.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.—This best of family newspapers is as fresh and interesting, now in its fifty-third year, as ever before; and, indeed, we think it more so. Its letters alone are worth more than the subscription price of the paper. It repudiates all offers of premiums, pictures, &c., and sends to its patrons a splendid family newspaper of the largest dimensions, containing all the desirable news, religious and secular, and an endless variety of reading for young and old, all of which is pure and good. Every family should have it. For specimen copies, address S. I. PRIME & Co., New York.

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

SCARCELY a quarter of a century has rolled past since the initial steps were taken which culminated, in subsequent years, in the formation of what is now known as the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes. Like most great and useful enterprises, this Mission had a small beginning, and too, in the process of its growth, it suffered all incidental trials. It had its dark as well as sunshiny days; but it grew steadily, and quietly extended its usefulness, meanwhile coming gradually into more general notice.

It was in the year 1852 that the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, then a teacher at the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes, formed a Bible-class of deaf-mutes in New York City. The meetings of this class were held every Sunday in a small room engaged for the purpose, and were conducted by the reverend gentleman, who continued to be its teacher through successive years. Originally numbering but three persons, this class increased in size rapidly, so it became able to engage a larger and more commodious room. Thither the silent congregation resorted every Sabbath to attend

Divine worship, which was conducted in the sign-language according to the forms of the Episcopal Church. At about that time Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, then a young man, resigned his position at the Institution in order to devote his entire time and energies to the new work, which had all along enlisted his deepest sympathies. Having been brought up amongst the deaf and dumb, for whom his father had founded the first school on this continent, he had become thoroughly familiar with their language. He was then, as he still is, peculiarly qualified for this special work. One circumstance has tended very strongly to strengthen the bond of love and sympathy between himself and his silent brethren. His own mother, still living, is deprived of the sense of hearing.

It will be pertinent to this story to refer briefly to the place of worship in New York City known as St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes. As the congregation continued to increase in size the need of a regularly constituted place of worship was realized. In the course of time a building formerly used by another denomination was purchased and christened by the above title. It stands on West Eighteenth street near Fifth avenue. Services are held twice every Sabbath, in the morning and evening, by the reverend gentleman who has been so conspicuously mentioned in this brief history. In his absence his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, officiates. A long-standing and cumbersome debt of an embarrassing nature has been lifted from this parish within the past few years. The small grain of mustard-seed planted years ago by hopeful hands and watched with prayerful care in its growth has at last developed into a large trunk with wide-spreading branches. It has reached the proportions and dignity of a parent stem.

At the East missions sprang up some time after the initial movement which has been referred to. Whenever the opportunity presented itself, Dr. Gallaudet made occasional visits to Albany, Boston and Philadelphia, and made addresses in behalf of the extension of the Mission. He also conducted a sign service at every visit. These visits were gradually extended to Troy, Rochester, Buffalo, Baltimore and other places. As the work increased it became necessary to have assistants. The Revs. Thomas B. Berry and Francis J. Clerc, both familiar with the sign language, engaged in the work, the former at Albany and Troy, with occasional visits to Rochester and Buffalo. Mr. Clerc's labors were mainly confined to Philadelphia. But his duties as rector of Burlington College, N. J., having of late engrossed so much of his attention, he has found it impossible to come to Philadelphia, except at very long intervals. Accordingly, Mr. H. W. Syle, a highly educated deaf-mute, has been licensed to read the services. This gentleman has recently been admitted as a candidate for holy orders. Other lay readers were licensed among the deaf and dumb at the following places: Rochester, N. Y., Allentown, Pa., New Haven, Conn., and Baltimore, Md.

At the West the first mission was started at Flint, Michigan, three years ago. Subsequently Jackson and Detroit were included, and periodical visits were made to each mission station by one who was specially licensed by Episcopal authority. In the course of time it was found practicable to include Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Grand Rapids, Mich., and hold occasional services. These places are visited at stated times by Mr. A. W. Mann, who has been licensed as a missionary lay reader by Bishop McCoskey, of Michigan.

The number of deaf-mutes in the entire Union is pretty well estimated at 22,000, and will increase slowly with the growth of population. The number of State schools for their education is now over thirty, while those classed as private and day schools will go to swell the number to at least forty-five. The latter class of schools is of recent origin. Now Pittsburg, Boston, Chicago,

Cincinnati and Baltimore each have one. One of the most important of those school above mentioned is the National Deaf-mute College, located at Washington City. It is supported by the National Government. It offers to the aspiring deaf-mute the privilege of obtaining a liberal education on an equality with his hearing and speaking compeers. Many of its graduates now fill positions as instructors at the various state schools. Degrees are conferred there the same as in other colleges.

There are several papers published in the interests of the deaf and dumb. They are mostly conducted by highly educated deaf-mutes. The most important are *The Deaf-mutes' Journal*, published at Mexico, N. Y., *THE SILENT WORLD*, Washington City, and *The Chronicle*, Columbus, O. The *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb* is a periodical published in pamphlet form and devoted to the educational interests of this class. It is supported by the different institution as well as by subscriptions.

In the large cities the deaf-mute graduates generally form themselves into associations for mutual services. They have lectures and religious services. These associations have constitutions and by-laws, and are regularly officered the same as other societies. They have fixed times for holding meetings, the election of officers, etc, etc.—*The Milwaukee Register*.

PERSONAL.

WE would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which maybe of interest.

WILL C. TURNER, A. B., of Fenton, Mich., a graduate the of University of Michigan, of the class of '75, is a neat addition to the Board of Instruction, of the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf and Dumb, of Philadelphia, Pa.

MISS EFFIE M. TIBBITS, who lost her hearing by spotted fever when ten years old, and who practised lip-reading without having any knowledge of signs until she was thirteen, seeing a little girl spelling on her fingers to a deaf and dumb lady, exclaimed admiringly, "Oh, I wish I could talk in that way!"

MR. SAMUEL LEWIS, who tarried in Chicago all Summer, went to his home at Anamosa, Iowa, early in November, taking with him the good will and regrets of all the deaf-mutes who belong to the Society and were favored with his sermons and lectures. "Come again" is the word from all.

MRS. HORACE G. MOODY, of Centre Lebanon, Maine, writes that Prof. David E. Bartlett, of Hartford, Ct., was at their house a few days last July, and baptized her husband and two older boys and herself: all joined the Congregational Church. She rejoices to say that her family are God's children. They are happy over the good crops they harvested the past season, and now feed an hundred of poultry. Mr. and Mrs. Moody are both graduates of the American Asylum.

MR. M. D. LORD, of Meadville, Pa., who years ago was a pupil in the Pennsylvania Institution, took up a temporary residence in Savanna, Ill., last August. As his uncle, Mr. N. H. Lord, who was then very low with consumption has since died, Manassah will probably seek another home soon. Some years ago he visited the celebrated Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, and was lost in the cave. Having got safely out, he said, "The cave is full of bats." The printer of the *Advance* got it, "Mammoth Cave is full of rats."

MRS. J. M. RAFFINGTON, the President of the Deaf-mute society has left our city to reside with her husband in Detroit, Michigan. As Chicago has been her home since she was a little girl, she felt it hard to leave. A committee to draft a memorial of thanks and resolutions of regret for her especial benefit was duly appointed. Until the close of the year and the election of new officers, P. A. EMERY, who was elected Vice-President at the time of Mr. J. E. TOWNSENDS' removal to Ohio, will serve as President.

Last August, MR. FISHER A. SPOFFORD paid a brief visit to Belfast, Maine, where he once pursued his occupation as a portrait-painter for one year, before he commenced teaching the deaf and dumb. He entered the American Asylum in 1819, and was graduated in 1826. Probably he is the oldest deaf and dumb teacher in America, having taught in the American Asylum five years, then in the New York Institution seven years, and lastly in the Ohio Institution eighteen years, making thirty years of service to enlighten the minds of deaf-mutes. A few years since he retired from his long tedious service, at the demise of his bachelor brother whose princely fortune he inherited. An error appeared in some deaf-mute newspapers relating to Mr. Spofford as being a descendant of a French count, who fled to America during the reign of a certain French king. Mr. Spofford says that he is a descendant of a courtier of Charles II, King of England, who was forced to escape to America for his safety. Spofford is an English name. Mr. Spofford has been under five different principals or superintendents.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

FROM CHICAGO.

ON Thanksgiving day, MR. and MRS. GRANT, who occupy very pleasant rooms on Desplaines street, gave a supper and evening entertainment, which was pronounced good by those who were so fortunate as to be present. The number of gentlemen in attendance exceeded that of the ladies by several, so the old title, "Wall Flowers" gave place to the more needed one of "Lone-stars." Among the most noticeable of these stars was our missionary, A. W. MANN, and had his wife been present, no doubt he would have shone with brighter brilliancy, but, unfortunately for his happiness and that of the other guests, she was at that time visiting his mother in West Virginia. MR. MANN is not too pious to laugh or enjoy an innocent game, and on this occasion, unbent sufficiently to introduce several games which were quite new to the company, and gave much satisfaction. "Lady" was one word played upon. We protest that the chap who in answer to the question, "Is it hard or soft?" replied, "soft!" deserves to be jilted by all the pretty girls and forced to keep back or board about all the rest of his life. An Anniversary Party and the coming of MR. MANN are the pleasant things promised for the future. That the fondest anticipations of all persons interested may be more than realized is the wish of
VISITOR.

THE SEA MOUSE.

THE sea mouse is one of the prettiest creatures that lives under water. It sparkles like a diamond, and is radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, although it lives in mud at the bottom of the ocean. It should not be called a mouse, for it is larger than a big rat. It is covered with scales that move up and down as it breathes and glitter like gold shining through fleecy down, from which fine silky bristles wave, that constantly change from one brilliant tint to another, so that, as Cuvier, the great naturalist, says, the plumage of the humming-bird is not more beautiful.

PATRIOTS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

In 1809, at the time when the French marched upon Vienna, a peasant of the neighborhood was summoned to act as guide to a column of troops. When the proposal was made to him he cried, "God preserve me from it! That is what I shall never do."

The officer who commanded the advanced French guards insisted eagerly; the Austrian steadfastly refused. The officer offered him more gold than the poor man had ever seen in his life; but it was useless. In the meantime the bulk of the army arrived; the general was displeased when he found the advanced guards still in that place.

When they told him that the only peasant who knew the road obstinately refused to serve as a guide he had the man led before him, and said to him with a terrible voice, "You will go and show us the road at once, or I will have you shot."

"Very well," replied the peasant calmly; "you will cause me to die as an honest man, and I shall be saved from betraying my country."

At these words, the general's anger melted away; he held out his hand to his loyal enemy, and sent him home, saying, "Ah, well, we will do without a guide."

After this example of courage in the Austrian peasant, we may tell of the bravery of a drummer, named Fourry, of the town of Sevres, near Paris.

As he was beating the rappel, by the order of the mayor, to cause the National Guards to return to Paris, at the time of the investment, he met some Uhlans, who ordered him with threats of death to cease. He drummed on, and a soldier blew out his brains.

A gardener of Bongival, Francois Debergne, a widower, and father of three children, was accused of having broken the Prussian telegraph wires five times. He was led before a council of war. As they proceeded to an inquiry to establish his guilt, which had not been well proved, he stopped the president with these words,—"I have cut the telegraphs, and if I were free I would do it again, because I am a Frenchman."

This heroic answer was the cause of his death, which he met with cheerful courage.

They were noble patriots all three.

A DEAF-MUTE SUPERINTENDENT.

A STORY is told of a certain Sunday-school which was recently visited by a learned divine. The quietness of the proceedings specially attracted his attention. When the clock marked the hour, the pupils fell into their places without call or signal. The superintendent placed upon the blackboard the number of a hymn, and, without other announcement, it was immediately sung. All the exercises were conducted from the platform in this silent way. The reverend gentleman was puzzled; and, after the school was closed, he sought an interview with the superintendent. He commenced a voluble expression of his pleasure, which was cut short when his (supposed) auditor drew forth and wrote on it: "I am a deaf-mute!" It was a school—so it was explained to him—that had been talked to death by former superintendents. The session had been prolonged beyond all reason, scholars were tired to death with speeches, and scanty time was left for the lesson. The school came to the conclusion that the great work of the superintendent was to keep still. As every one who could talk would talk, application was finally made to a deaf and dumb institution for a man who could not talk. And the result was satisfactory.—*Forney's Sunday (Washington) Chronicle.*

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

A WRITER who has been visiting a deaf and dumb school, and was much pleased with the intelligence displayed by the scholars, illustrates his idea of education upon the deaf-mute very beautifully, as follows:

"It was passing strange to note their readiness of reply to the sign questions, to hear their own intelligent conclusions concerning theories that were proposed, for the professor acted as an interpreter; and as I looked from one eager face to the other, I realized as never before what a trammel and clog is this human organization upon the divine soul within."

"A year ago I saw in Texas a wonderful alabaster vase. It was found thirty feet below the bed of a South American river. Beautiful in shape and of cloudless white, we all admired and wondered, till one of our party suggested that we try a light within it to illustrate the familiar simile. A wax taper was carefully placed, and a miracle was wrought, for there came into view before us groups of figures exquisitely carved, garlands of flowers, and groves of tropical trees. Withdrawing the light, the vision faded, leaving only the dead white surface, pure and cold. Do you wonder, as I sat in that recitation room, I thought of that magical vase, and saw how marvelously the touch of education had brought out the hidden possibilities of these minds that had dwelt so long in their sealed prisons?"

NOVELTY IN OSTRICH RAISING.

MR. MONTGOMERY QUEEN has purchased one hundred African ostriches, and is about colonizing them on his place near Haywards, a small town fifteen miles from San Francisco. It is Mr. Queen's intention to raise ostriches solely for their plumage, each bird yielding over two hundred dollars' worth of feathers yearly. He has invested \$100,000 in the enterprise.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM HARTFORD, CONN.

A pupil measuring six feet and over in height, came here last week to begin his education. He had come here once before, more than twelve years ago, but run away in a short time, being homesick, and his father had not sent him back to school, but let him grow up in comparative ignorance. His second attempt at getting an education has not succeeded any better than his first. One morning, being disinclined to work in the shop, he refused all control, saying that he was twenty-one years old and "free." In vain was he remonstrated with and told that all who expected to stay here must obey the rules. In vain was the value of an education represented to him and several hours for reflection given, but the tree was too large to be bent, and before the sun reached the horizon, he was on his way home to enjoy his "freedom" and his ignorance. Every educated person will say that it would have been a kindness, not a cruelty in his parents to have sent him back while young, even if it needed the aid of the rod.

W. L. B.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

INDIANA.

"THE melancholy days are come,
The saddest of all the year."

But, then, they always bring Thanksgiving with its cheer. This year, on that day, there were the usual festivities. Groaning tables of good things at dinner and supper, and a pleasant social party in the evening participated in by all in the house and a number of visitors. Among them, Mr. McKim, of Madison, father-in-law of Mr. S. J. Vall, and Mr. Henry Townsend, a fine old deaf-mute gentleman who lives near Jonesboro, Indiana. His brother, Mr. John Townsend, and also a deaf-mute, was formerly connected with this Institution as a teacher. Both were educated in the Ohio Institution. This Mr. Townsend formerly filled the position of postmaster in a village in this state; something we never heard of a deaf-mute doing before. He held the position for eleven years, and then resigned.

Life at the Institution runs smoothly; nearly three hundred pupils present; more than we ever had before. The pupils had a holiday the 15th of October, at the time of the grand reunion of the soldiers of Indiana. The boys were drilled well; provided with flags, drum, and blue badges, and allowed to march with the soldiers, much to their delight.

We are sorry to record the death of Bertie, youngest child of Mr. H. C. Hammond, and Dr. J. C. Burt, father of Mr. W. N. Burt; both of which took place the first week in October. Dr. Burt was formerly connected with the Institution as trustee, and served nearly ten years.

There have been no changes this year among the teachers. Miss Emma Perkins, mistress of the Sewing Department, and Mrs. Abbie Broadrup, the housekeeper, tendered their resignations early in the Fall. The vacancy caused by the resignation of the former has been filled by Mrs. Kate Gorman, of this city; that of the latter by Miss Kate Hewitt, formerly assistant matron of the Home for the Friendless in this city. Mrs. Broadrup went to Dayton, Ohio, to take charge of a home for old ladies recently established there, and the well-wishes of many warm friends follow her to her new field of labor.

LAURA.

MINNESOTA.

THANKSGIVING day this year was one of unusual interest to our pupils. All assembled in the chapel at 9 A. M. Mr. Downing read the President's Thanksgiving proclamation, and Mr. Carroll the Governor's. Both were written on the large slates where all the pupils could see them. Mr. Wing then addressed the pupils as follows, as near as I can interpret his remarks:

"This morning I asked one of the little pupils what he was going to do to-day. He seemed much pleased, and said it was Thanksgiving day. I asked him what he meant by thanksgiving, and he answered: 'I shall have turkey for dinner, and I can play all day.' This answer was partly right and partly wrong. It is right for him to be happy and thankful because he can play all day and have turkey for his dinner, but the day was appointed by the President and Governor for thanksgiving to God for his daily care and daily gifts during the past year. If a rich man should give each of you children a knife one day, a top the next, a nice large apple the next, and something good and useful every day for many weeks, what would you do? You would not merely say, 'Thank you,' once and then forget him, but you would love him for his kindness and thank him every day. You should feel the same way toward God. He is your best friend. He takes care of you every day. He gives you food and clothes, and opportunities for learning. He keeps you alive and gives you pleasures of many kinds. If a man forgets to wind his watch, it runs down in a day or two, and is worthless until it is wound up again. If God should forget to take care of you for an hour, or let your hearts stop beating for a single minute, you would cease to live; or if he should forget to take away the cold winter, and give you the warm, pleasant spring and summer, nothing would grow, and you would all freeze or starve. But God never forgets, and you should thank him anew every day of your lives."

Mr. Noyes then spoke to the pupils in his own clear and forcible manner, about as follows:

"It is fitting that the President and Governor should set apart one day each year as a day of thanksgiving. I will remind you of a few of the many things for which you should be thankful to-day. The generosity of the Legislature has enabled you to remain in school during the past year, and a fine new building is being erected for your accommodation. Thirteen of your number have graduated with minds enlightened, and with such a knowledge of useful trades as will enable them to support themselves in an honorable manner. Many people throughout the State have manifested a kindly interest in your welfare, and are pleased when I tell them that you are doing well. Your parents and friends at home have provided you with clothes and everything you have needed, and are looking forward joyfully to the time when you shall return to them again. Do not forget that God gives you all these blessings. Show your gratitude to Him by living grateful lives. Thank Him daily for His daily gifts."

After prayer by Mr. Noyes, the pupils were dismissed. At noon the usual Thanksgiving dinner was enjoyed heartily by all, and during its continuance at least, there were none who could say that they had not enough to be thankful for.

After dinner Messrs. Wing, Downing, and Carroll took about twenty of the pupils out on Canon River, about a mile from the Institution, to skate. The weather was fine, the ice in good condition and all had a delightful time. After their hearty dinner, none cared to return for supper, and the sport was continued until dark. In the evening the pupils and officers spent an hour in the chapel very pleasantly with games, and in social intercourse, and true at its close all should be thankful for the happy Thanksgiving they had enjoyed. D. H. C.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE REV. DR. THOMAS GALLAUDET visited the College, and preached at St. Mark's Church on the 6th inst.

MR. E. THORPE paid his College friends a short visit last week. He hailed from Cincinnati, and enjoys his usual good health.

MR. MCGREGOR, '72, is now Principal of a day-school in Cincinnati. Up to the present date the number of his pupils here reached fifteen (twelve boys and three girls.)

THEY are selling slightly damaged books wonderfully cheap on Pennsylvania Avenue, between Ninth and Tenth streets. The price is fifty cents each. The original price of each of these books averaged two dollars. Ye Preps, who have thin wallets yet want to own a library would do well to take the hint.

AT a meeting of the Reading Club held on the 4th inst. the following gentlemen were elected officers:

President, D. A. Simpson, '78; Vice-president, E. Crane, '77; Secretary, F. R. Gray, '78; Treasurer, S. M. Freeman, '78; Librarian, J. W. Michaels, '79; Assistant Librarian, J. M. Cosgrove, '79.

THE pantomime on Thanksgiving evening proved highly satisfactory both to the deaf-mutes and their friends from the city. Messrs. Jones and Rice deserve credit for their untiring effort to make the pantomime a success. Mr. Michaels' tricks with the rope excited some comments, and all sorts of conjectures were ventured as to how he freed himself after he was tightly bound hands and feet. Will Mr. Michaels let us into the secret?

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Seven hundred and fifty-four periodicals, mostly weeklies, are published in Paris.

MISS Codd and Mr. Fish were married the other day. They have been going together for a long while.

A passenger on the Maine Central Railroad lately gave for his fare a ticket which was issued fifteen years ago.

A farmer in New Hampshire is erecting a stone wall of granite, nine feet thick and nine feet high, around a field of eighteen acres.

An Indiana man picked up a wild cat in his barn in place of an afghan. He detected the difference in the millionth part of a second.

"What is that dog barking at," asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," said a bystander, "he sees another puppy in your boots."

THE Pope of the Buddha Church has died at Lhasa, Thibet. A new one will be elected. The ceremony of election and installation is called the incarnation of Buddha.

ONE hundred feet of a Swiss railroad have sunk into the Lake of Zurich. A whole railroad station is expected to follow. Then they will have a subaqueous line complete.

THEY thought they had a small sea serpent the other day at Jacksonville, Florida. It was swimming in the sea, and its evolutions were considered graceful. It passed through a school of porpoises and a flock of pelicans without paying any attention to them, and directed its course to the shore, where it was killed, proving to be a rattlesnake hoary with age and of great size.

THE Shelbyville (Ky.) Republican says that the worst case of selfishness that it has been permitted to present to the public, emanated from a youth who complained because his mother put a bigger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him, after they had been eating melons and hard apples.

READ of the dietary doings of the cow of Mr. Silas Davis, of West Enosburg, Vt.—how she ate five skeins of Mrs. D's carpet yarn, six knots to a skein, the same being hung on a clothes-line to dry. So far from being injured by this meal, she has since devoured a pair of pantaloons belonging to Mr. Davis, suspended from the same line.

THE Italians spent large sums in fitting up the royal palace at Milan against the coming of Emperor William, but their pains were all wasted, as their imperial guest, eschewing red damask sheets and at that, slept upon a plain iron camp bedstead, after the style learned more in camps than courts. The companion bed which had been prepared for Bismarck was that on which Napoleon III. once passed a night.

A youth was rushing around the corner, saying: "All I want in this world is to lay my hands on him!" He presently came upon a boy weighing about ten pounds more than himself, and rushing at him, he exclaimed, "Did you lick my brother Ben?" "Yes, I did," said the boy, dropping his bundle and spitting on his hands. "Well," continued the other lad, backing slowly away, "he needs a lickin' once a week to teach him to be civil!"

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8 mos...	2 50	4 50	6 50	10 00	18 00
7 times...	2 75	5 00	7 25	12 00	21 00
4 mos...	3 00	5 50	8 00	14 00	24 00
9 times...	3 25	6 00	8 75	15 00	27 00
5 mos...	3 50	6 50	9 25	17 00	30 00
11 times...	3 75	7 00	10 00	19 00	32 00
6 mos...	4 00	7 50	10 75	20 00	35 00
9 "	5 50	9 00	13 00	25 00	42 00
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